

10-15-1942

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-10-15

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper>

Scholarly Commons Citation

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, "Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-10-15" (1942). *Embry-Riddle Fly Paper*. 174.

<https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper/174>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons@erau.edu.

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. IV

OCTOBER 15, 1942

No. 26

Flying Is Chief Hobby of James E. Blakeley, New Director of Technical School At Miami

FORMER SUPERVISOR OF MILITARY TRAINING

Recently appointed Director of the Technical School at Miami, James E. Blakeley became associated with the Embry-Riddle Company last January, having come from Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute, Glendale, Calif.

As Supervisor of Military Training at the Tech school, "Jim" set up the machinery of that program and gained admiration for his executive ability and technical knowledge.

Born in London

A son of Mrs. John W. Kiser, New York City, he was born in London, where his father was killed during one of the first Zeppelin raids of the first World War. He came to this country in 1916, received his education at Fay School, Southboro, Mass., and The Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., and moved to Los Angeles in 1934.

Flyer and Student

Intensely interested in aviation, extensive private flying occupied much of his time, although he was able to devote himself to a post-graduate course in aeronautical engineering at the University of Southern California.

In 1939 he received his aircraft engines and mechanic ratings at the Curtiss Wright Technical Institute, where he became an instructor in training mechanics for the Army Air Forces.

He boasts a record of five ground school instructor ratings and he is a charter member of the Aeronautical Instructor Society. On June 13, 1941, "Jim" became a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Sportsman

Now, for the personal side of the Tech School Director—the initial "E" stands for Edward—he is 32 years old—6 feet tall and weighs in the neighborhood of 175 pounds—and, as you can see by the accompanying picture, he is very handsome.



JAMES E. BLAKELEY, TECH SCHOOL DIRECTOR

He is an ardent golfer and plays a game far above the average—that is when he can find time from his duties at the Tech School. Flying, of course, is his real hobby, although another of his favorite pastimes is swimming, at which he also excels.

Just seven months ago yesterday our Director was married to Mary Carlisle, well

known moving picture actress, who came from Hollywood for the ceremony.

"Jim" has a brother, Foster, who is a bombardier in the Royal Air Force and has been in active combat for a year and a half.

Mr. Blakeley has a winning personality and is admired and respected by all his associates.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION
Miami, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*

WAIN R. FLETCHER, *Editor*

* * *

VADAH W. THOMAS, *Assistant Editor*

* * *

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

WIN WOOD, *Seaplane Division*

CARA LEE COOK, *Landplane Division*

BILL BURTON

*Main Office and Technical School
Division, Miami*

JACK HOBLER

*U. S. Army Primary School,
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia*

JACK HOPKINS, No. 5B. F. T. S.
Riddle Field, Clewiston

JACK WHITNALL

*U. S. Army Primary School,
Dorr Field, Arcadia*

LARRY I. WALDEN, JR.

*U. S. Army Primary School,
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.*

KEN STIVERSON — JACK HOBLER

A. "JOE" WILLIAMS — SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS, *Staff Photographer*

Letters to the Editor

Havana, Cuba
September 30, 1942

Dear Sir:

For some weeks I have been receiving the "Fly Paper" and I thank you for mailing it to me. Since the first day I received the paper I have been curious to know how you got my address. I do enjoy reading this weekly publication, because it is very good and comes from the country of Freedom and Democracy.

I am very interested in aviation. I spend long hours reading aviation books and I read your paper over and over.

I should like to know if the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation has enrolled a cadet named Florentino Sequeiro. He is a Cuban and a very good friend of mine.

I should like to write many things about aviation and the "Fly Paper," but my English is very bad. I hope you will excuse me and will continue mailing your weekly publication.

Very truly yours,
RAMON DELGADO

Dear Editor,

Just a line to let you know we're gratified that the last issue included an informal picture of some Tech school people.

But we are still angling for some snapshots "here and there." Why not start some sort of a Tech school snapshot campaign?

TECHITE

Editor's Note: A swell idea, Techite, and we're starting said campaign by running your letter. We hope that you yourself will be our first contributor.

October 14, 1942

Dear Editor,

Last week's sixteen page paper certainly was a treat. Everyone liked especially the increased amount of Tech school news.

The two new columns, "Engine Noises" and "Wing Chatter," are welcome additions, and we hope they will be included in every issue.

Another improvement, we think, is the change from "Seaplane Base News" to "Whitecaps." Nice goin', "Fly Paper" people!

A SELF-APPOINTED SPOKESMAN

Dear Editor,

I want to tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy the Fly Paper. In fact I've been hearing a lot of first-hand information about Embry-Riddle from my wife, Liliane. She tells me she helped publish the Fly Paper in its infancy—when she worked at the Ace Letter Service.

We hope to visit the School soon and I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you.

Meantime, I'd like to give you my new address so as not to miss any issues of the Fly Paper.

Sincerely,
JOHNNY LONG

Los Angeles, Calif.
October 7, 1942

Dear Editor,

Yesterday, while visiting in the home of a friend, I saw for the first time a copy of your "Fly Paper," and I was so delighted with it that I felt I must write you a note of commendation.

A newspaperman myself in days gone by, I am somewhat of a "crack-pot" on the subject of publications. When I pick up a paper, I can't help analyzing its every detail; and I find that your house organ leaves a decidedly good taste in my mouth.

I feel quite certain that a down-to-earth, snappy "rag" such as yours cannot help but do more than its share of morale building and chin lifting.

Please put my name on your mailing list, for I am anxious to keep myself posted on the progress of the "Fly Paper."

Sincerely,
MARSHALL R. DAYTON

New York, N. Y.
October 6, 1942

Dear Editor:

I am a boy nine years old, and I read the "Fly Paper" every week. Building model airplanes is my hobby, and my father says I will end up being a flyer.

I have never been up in an airplane. My father has promised to take me up some day, but he hasn't got around to it yet.

I enjoy your paper very much, and I wish you would tell all the boys down there how much I envy them. Father says not to worry—maybe they'll get the draft down to nine or ten years pretty soon.

Sincerely,
WARREN BARKDALE

Miami, Florida
October 12, 1942

Dear Editor:

In your October issue of the "Fly Paper," I found "Excerpts from Foster Blakeley's Letters to his Mother," and I want to tell you how very interesting the article was to me.

It is only through the wide-open eyes of our boys who have gone "over the top" that the events of the war are truly brought to us.

We read the newspapers, but still we feel aloof from the things that be until some boy tells us with his own pen what he is doing and how he feels about it.

Lieutenant Blakeley's style of writing is flowing and vivid, and I do hope you will let us hear more from him.

Appreciately,
MISS MARIE KOTZ

FOUND!

Did you find that you were locked out when you went home the other night? Or did you fail to make entrance into your office?

If you did, just step up to the Fly Paper office and we'll return your keys to you.

DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valliere

Due to our linguistic limitations it appears that we must again rely on the mother tongue to open our account of last Saturday's doings. After dishing out Spanish and Portuguese (hash) we had just about decided to try Chinese for our punch line, when we suddenly recalled having heard that Ruy Barbosa, one of the greatest linguists in history who, so it seems, had mastered 56 tongues (56 more than we), learned ONE dialect of Chinese in the record-breaking time of one year.

So, since time and tide (and the printer) wait for no man, another bright idea has to be abandoned . . . but perhaps some Saturday we'll have Chow Mein instead. For those who were there it's hardly necessary to remind them of that delicious broiled chicken . . . so we'll just pass over that—with due notice to all the stay-away Riddleites that similar "stuff and things" are cooking at the Deauville EVERY Saturday nite.

We didn't have any jitterbug, rhumba, conga or what-have-you contests last week, but Maestro Weiss did things up in fine style, as usual. Now, if we were Miss "Snow White" with our seven dwarfs hiding here and there under the tables in the Deauville Room to see who's there with whom, this reporting business would be a snap—but since we must rely on two eyes (and a couple of spies) we are going to try to report from memory who all was there . . . and to those whom we overlook, please forgive us—and don't forget to sign the guest book next time.

Reading from left to right we have: One party made up of Madge Kessler, her daughter, Laverne, Ray Schultz, Jennie Mickel and a couple of unidentified but good-looking males. Mary Jo Milligan, fetching in white (with an orchid as big as all-outdoors) was with that "UP Press assignment," Johnnie McDermott.

In the same party were several engine instructors with their mates and dates: Bob and Marion (no wonder the dispensary does such a rush business) Colburn, Lester, and Mrs. Bertram, Dick Strohm with his mother, Anthony Palanci and Helen McAllister, Joe Murray and his brand new bride, Ed Hensler and Lauramae Gordon.

At another table were: Kirby and Mrs. Smith, Jim and Mary Blakeley, Ben and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mike and Ellen Lojinger, Syd and "Tibby" (darling in wine velvet) Burrows, Capt. and Mrs. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. George Ireland.

Our blonde driver, Jean Duncan, ravishing in a white gown, was there with her very proud "Red." Along about 10:00—who breezed in—but the favorite driver of the Latin-Americans Dottie (Sweet Lelani) Wells, looking good enough to eat, in a soft blue with a coral lei necklace and hair flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray arrived with Helene Hirsch and Sgt. Clyde Smith. Helen

Dillard came with Lt. Marty Meyer and Anne Elrod was there with Pvt. Bill Monahan (again). Rosemary Younis was kept pretty busy on the dance floor.

Several very exclusive bachelors from the Fifth Floor Dormitory apparently seemed to be well pleased with their own company: Dan Willig, "Hink" Hinkley, Vinicus Vargas, and Sertoria Arruda made up one table.

Some who evidently were not so well satisfied with their own masculine company brought dates, as follows: Sergio Eberhardt of Chile with Betty Cole; Belfor Araya of Chile with Elena Cole; Bill Bustaments of Chile with June Kreager; Willie Rivas of Nicaragua with Jessica Wilkerson. Other Latin-Americans who appeared were Romeo Rodriguez, Benito Oliva and Samuel Woodrow Bodden.

England was well represented by way of Clewiston with G. S. Cheesbrough, A.

Bruce, M. B. Carroll, R. B. Fowler, S. S. Curtis Hayward, LAC Pendrous, and LAC Joskett, all of the RAF. From Carlstrom came: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brady, Lt. (jg) S. H. Shade, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brown.

Some prominent guests were: Major Alfred M. Robbins, Chairman of the joint Army, Navy, and Marine Corps Procurement Board, who was a guest of Wain Fletcher's family; Captain L. A. Sheppard of Kelly Field who was one of our former Municipal students; Lt. Howard Wade of the Navy who happens to be one of Mr. Riddle's very first flight students.

Spied among those in the graduation party were: Corp. E. F. Lynch with Helen Stephany; Fairest Brown with Pvt. Dean Hamilton; Verna Williams with John McCutchy; James Murray with Doris McCrimmon; Eugene Loparto with Lou Al-

Continued on Page 10

MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY J. BURROWS



In May, 1942, English born, Sydney J. Burrows became Director of Housing of the Coral Gables Division of Embry-Riddle. This picture was snapped at the Deauville while Syd "sat one out" with his wife, "Tibby," the former Elizabeth Reynolds Kelley. The Burrows have two children, Sydney James, Jr., two years old, and Amelia Hugh, five months.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION
Miami, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*

WAIN R. FLETCHER, *Editor*

* * *

VADAH W. THOMAS, *Assistant Editor*

* * *

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

WIN WOOD, *Seaplane Division*

CARA LEE COOK, *Landplane Division*

BILL BURTON
*Main Office and Technical School
Division, Miami*

JACK HOBLER
*U. S. Army Primary School,
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia*

JACK HOPKINS, No. 5B. F. T. S.
Riddle Field, Clewiston

JACK WHITNALL
*U. S. Army Primary School,
Dorr Field, Arcadia*

LARRY I. WALDEN, JR.
*U. S. Army Primary School,
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.*

KEN STIVERSON — JACK HOBLER
A. "JOE" WILLIAMS — SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS, *Staff Photographer*

FOUND!

Did you find that you were locked out when you went home the other night? Or did you fail to make entrance into your office?

If you did, just step up to the Fly Paper office and we'll return your keys to you.

Letters to the Editor

Havana, Cuba
September 30, 1942

Dear Sir:

For some weeks I have been receiving the "Fly Paper" and I thank you for mailing it to me. Since the first day I received the paper I have been curious to know how you got my address. I do enjoy reading this weekly publication, because it is very good and comes from the country of Freedom and Democracy.

I am very interested in aviation. I spend long hours reading aviation books and I read your paper over and over.

I should like to know if the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation has enrolled a cadet named Florentino Sequeiro. He is a Cuban and a very good friend of mine.

I should like to write many things about aviation and the "Fly Paper," but my English is very bad. I hope you will excuse me and will continue mailing your weekly publication.

Very truly yours,
RAMON DELGADO

Dear Editor,

Just a line to let you know we're gratified that the last issue included an informal picture of some Tech school people.

But we are still angling for some snapshots "here and there." Why not start some sort of a Tech school snapshot campaign?

TECHITE

Editor's Note: A swell idea, Techite, and we're starting said campaign by running your letter. We hope that you yourself will be our first contributor.

October 14, 1942

Dear Editor,

Last week's sixteen page paper certainly was a treat. Everyone liked especially the increased amount of Tech school news.

The two new columns, "Engine Noises" and "Wing Chatter," are welcome additions, and we hope they will be included in every issue.

Another improvement, we think, is the change from "Seaplane Base News" to "Whitecaps." Nice goin', "Fly Paper" people!

A SELF-APPOINTED SPOKESMAN

Dear Editor,

I want to tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy the Fly Paper. In fact I've been hearing a lot of first-hand information about Embry-Riddle from my wife, Liliane. She tells me she helped publish the Fly Paper in its infancy—when she worked at the Ace Letter Service.

We hope to visit the School soon and I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you.

Meantime, I'd like to give you my new address so as not to miss any issues of the Fly Paper.

Sincerely,
JOHNNY LONG

Los Angeles, Calif.
October 7, 1942

Dear Editor,

Yesterday, while visiting in the home of a friend, I saw for the first time a copy of your "Fly Paper," and I was so delighted with it that I felt I must write you a note of commendation.

A newspaperman myself in days gone by, I am somewhat of a "crack-pot" on the subject of publications. When I pick up a paper, I can't help analyzing its every detail; and I find that your house organ leaves a decidedly good taste in my mouth.

I feel quite certain that a down-to-earth, snappy "rag" such as yours cannot help but do more than its share of morale building and chin lifting.

Please put my name on your mailing list, for I am anxious to keep myself posted on the progress of the "Fly Paper."

Sincerely,
MARSHALL R. DAYTON

New York, N. Y.
October 6, 1942

Dear Editor:

I am a boy nine years old, and I read the "Fly Paper" every week. Building model airplanes is my hobby, and my father says I will end up being a flyer.

I have never been up in an airplane. My father has promised to take me up some day, but he hasn't got around to it yet.

I enjoy your paper very much, and I wish you would tell all the boys down there how much I envy them. Father says not to worry—maybe they'll get the draft down to nine or ten years pretty soon.

Sincerely,
WARREN BARKDALE

Miami, Florida
October 12, 1942

Dear Editor:

In your October issue of the "Fly Paper," I found "Excerpts from Foster Blakeley's Letters to his Mother," and I want to tell you how very interesting the article was to me.

It is only through the wide-open eyes of our boys who have gone "over the top" that the events of the war are truly brought to us.

We read the newspapers, but still we feel aloof from the things that be until some boy tells us with his own pen what he is doing and how he feels about it.

Lieutenant Blakeley's style of writing is flowing and vivid, and I do hope you will let us hear more from him.

Appreciately,
MISS MARIE KOTZ

DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valliere

Due to our linguistic limitations it appears that we must again rely on the mother tongue to open our account of last Saturday's doings. After dishing out Spanish and Portuguese (hash) we had just about decided to try Chinese for our punch line, when we suddenly recalled having heard that Ruy Barbosa, one of the greatest linguists in history who, so it seems, had mastered 56 tongues (56 more than we), learned ONE dialect of Chinese in the record-breaking time of one year.

So, since time and tide (and the printer) wait for no man, another bright idea has to be abandoned . . . but perhaps some Saturday we'll have Chow Mein instead. For those who were there it's hardly necessary to remind them of that delicious broiled chicken . . . so we'll just pass over that—with due notice to all the stay-away Riddleites that similar "stuff and things" are cooking at the Deauville EVERY Saturday nite.

We didn't have any jitterbug, rumba, conga or what-have-you contests last week, but Maestro Weiss did things up in fine style, as usual. Now, if we were Miss "Snow White" with our seven dwarfs hiding here and there under the tables in the Deauville Room to see who's there with whom, this reporting business would be a snap—but since we must rely on two eyes (and a couple of spies) we are going to try to report from memory who all was there . . . and to those whom we overlook, please forgive us—and don't forget to sign the guest book *next* time.

Reading from left to right we have: One party made up of Madge Kessler, her daughter, Laverne, Ray Schultz, Jennie Mickel and a couple of unidentified but good-looking males. Mary Jo Milligan, fetching in white (with an orchid as big as all-outdoors) was with that "UP Press assignment," Johnnie McDermott.

In the same party were several engine instructors with their mates and dates: Bob and Marion (no wonder the dispensary does such a rush business) Colburn, Lester, and Mrs. Bertram, Dick Strohm with his mother, Anthony Palanci and Helen McAllister, Joe Murray and his brand new bride, Ed Hensler and Lauramae Gordon.

At another table were: Kirby and Mrs. Smith, Jim and Mary Blakeley, Ben and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mike and Ellen Lojinger, Syd and "Tibby" (darling in wine velvet) Burrows, Capt. and Mrs. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. George Ireland.

Our blonde driver, Jean Duncan, ravishing in a white gown, was there with her very proud "Red." Along about 10:00—who breezed in—but the favorite driver of the Latin-Americans Dottie (Sweet Lelani) Wells, looking good enough to eat, in a soft blue with a coral lei necklace and hair flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray arrived with Helene Hirsch and Sgt. Clyde Smith. Helen

Dillard came with Lt. Marty Meyer and Anne Elrod was there with Pvt. Bill Monahan (again). Rosemary Younis was kept pretty busy on the dance floor.

Several very exclusive bachelors from the Fifth Floor Dormitory apparently seemed to be well pleased with their own company: Dan Willig, "Hink" Hinkley, Vinicus Vargas, and Sertoria Arruda made up one table.

Some who evidently were not so well satisfied with their own masculine company brought dates, as follows: Sergio Eberhardt of Chile with Betty Cole; Belfor Araya of Chile with Elena Cole; Bill Bustaments of Chile with June Kreager; Willie Rivas of Nicaragua with Jessica Wilkerson. Other Latin-Americans who appeared were Romeo Rodriguez, Benito Oliva and Samuel Woodrow Bodden.

England was well represented by way of Clewiston with G. S. Cheesbrough, A.

Bruce, M. B. Carroll, R. B. Fowler, S. S. Curtis Hayward, LAC Pendrous, and LAC Joskett, all of the RAF. From Carlstrom came: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brady, Lt. (jg) S. H. Shade, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brown.

Some prominent guests were: Major Alfred M. Robbins, Chairman of the joint Army, Navy, and Marine Corps Procurement Board, who was a guest of Wain Fletcher's family; Captain L. A. Sheppard of Kelly Field who was one of our former Municipal students; Lt. Howard Wade of the Navy who happens to be one of Mr. Riddle's very first flight students.

Spied among those in the graduation party were: Corp. E. F. Lynch with Helen Stephany; Fairest Brown with Pvt. Dean Hamilton; Verna Williams with John McCutchy; James Murray with Doris McCrimmon; Eugene Loparto with Lou Al-

Continued on Page 10

MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY J. BURROWS



In May, 1942, English born, Sydney J. Burrows became Director of Housing of the Coral Gables Division of Embry-Riddle. This picture was snapped at the Deauville while Syd "sat one out" with his wife, "Tibby," the former Elizabeth Reynolds Kelley. The Burrows have two children, Sydney James, Jr., two years old, and Amelia Hugh, five months.

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

Lloyd Whitney is telling a tall one that comes near competing with Sterling Camden's claim to having bailed out of the Link Trainer. It concerns one of "Whit's" cadets, who, it seems, was resorting to slightly miscalculated coordination in his gliding turns.

He somehow found it more convenient to depress the right rudder pedal when using left stick—or vice versa—than to use the old tried and true method of like rudder with like stick.

It wasn't, to put it bluntly, working out too well. In fact, with each convulsion of the rudder pedals, precisely four new grey strands would appear in "Whit's" fast-bleaching scalplock. To straighten things out—as well as to prolong his life expectation—Whitney brought the misguided youth to earth.

"Whit" Explains

Boney gams folded beneath him as he sat, Indian fashion, on the flight line, Lloyd put it this way: "It ain't right." As the distraught cadet struggled out of his parachute, old "Whit" went on to explain about such nerve racking things as spinning in on the base leg, stalling out in the final gliding turn on approaching for a landing, etc.

The cadet still fought nervously with his parachute. "What do you do?," says Whitney. "You've got a slow glide—you cross controls—a perfect spot for a spin, and you're too low to bail out!"

Bail out is exactly what the cadet did. The power of suggestion was too much for him, and with one mighty tug on his ripcord he sent yards and yards of white silk tumbling into his patient instructor's lap. That's the way "Whit" tells it, anyway. Personally, we don't know.

Wrong Again

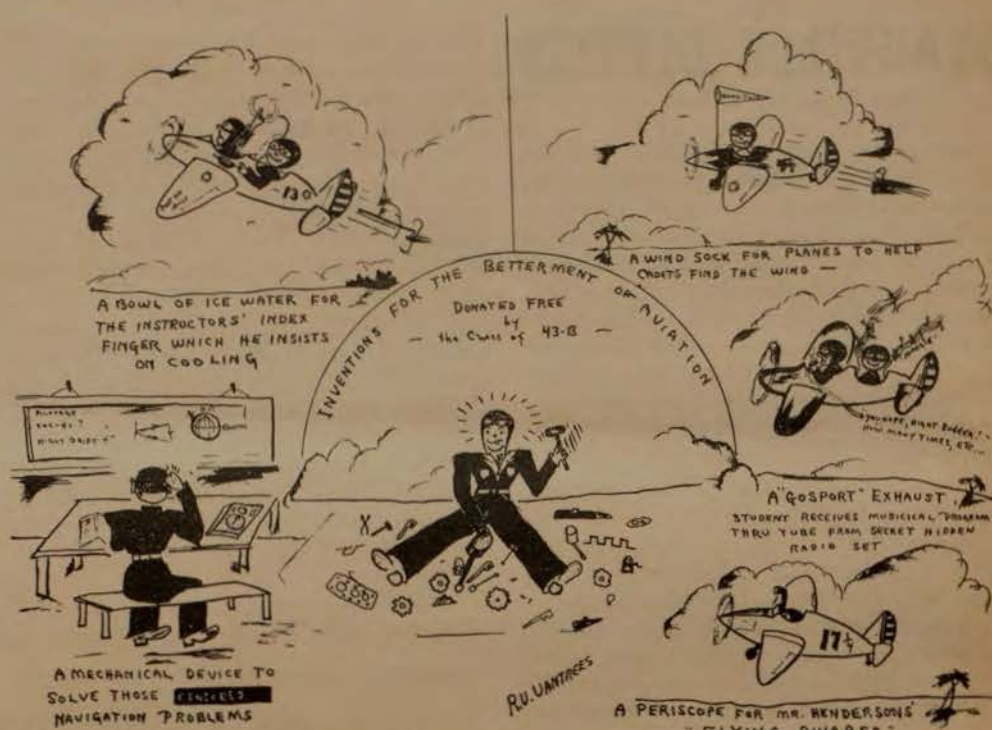
Consider O'Mallery—pilot of metal—
Who never was sure just which foot for
which pedal.

He landed one day, and his ship started
turning.

Wrong rudder, wrong foot, and his ship
it was burning.



"He Was Doing Lazy Eights"



CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

Of late there has been serious and concentrated effort applied to further one of the most important factors in our present all-important program of National Defense and Offense—the safety of the workers.

This factor is worthy of particular interest for the simple reason that the observance of fundamental safety rules is insurance for the worker's ability to produce, and it's production that we are chiefly concerned with at Embry-Riddle.

"Pilot Factory"

Here at Carlstrom, we are running what might be called a "pilot factory." The job of every single employee on our payroll has, as its ultimate aim, the successful, training of more and more military pilots.

Because of the magnitude of this particular operation, there is need for more workers than just those necessary for the actual flight and ground school training; we need hundreds more to maintain the equipment, to keep records, and to do the myriad other office and technical jobs that this business requires.

Accordingly we need the work of each and every one of those employees, each and every day! Every day of work lost by an employee is a delay in the successful completion of the job at hand, and this country can't afford the delay!

Keep Cool with Kuhl

Under the direction of Glen Kuhl, head of Insurance and Safety of the Embry-Riddle Company, a careful and thorough safety program is being set up. This applies to everything from personal health to what-to-do-in-case-of-fire-or-air-raid.

At Carlstrom, Tom Davis has been appointed Fire Marshal, and there isn't a better man for the job anywhere. It's Tom's job to know just where each piece of fire-fighting equipment on the Post is, and what condition it's in; he has delegated a group of assistants to look after the latter job, as the former is almost second nature with him.

Each department head on the Field is responsible for anything that will contribute to the safety of those under him. If a new idea or device comes up that will help out, the head goes to Mr. Davis to get the thing made or done, as the case may be.

In each department, posters are set up illustrating the right and wrong ways to do the jobs being done in that certain department, while a smooth system for conduct in case of fire has also been set up to defeat, with organization, the panic that is usually caused by conflagration.

Each month a meeting of the department heads is held to review the accidents that have happened during the past month; and discussions of the damage, together with means of prevention, are encouraged.

So far, awards have been made to drivers of the company vehicles for a year of safe driving; these awards will continue and will be supplemented by other awards to the men who make the outstanding contribution to the safety of their fellow-workers.

Vigilance at Home

This whole program would seem, then, to make us very safety-conscious while at work here, but it doesn't mean for us to forget all the good rules when at home.

Home—the so-called man's paradise and woman's sanctuary—is the greatest single contributor to injuries and accidental death that the human race has. Any large insurance company can show irrefutable statistics proving that far more accidents happen in the home than in any other single place.

Even with industry so prominent as it is today, and with it using more and more "green" employees, home injuries and death are nearly twice industrial accidents.

It would certainly constitute an illogical paradox if our workers could observe safety

Continued on Page 7

DEAUVILLE DITTIES

Continued from Page 3

lison; Walter Riley with Marie Reese.

Others seen here and there: Richard Heimovitch, former Engine Student; Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm (Sheet Metal) Slocum, Mr. and Mrs. David Harlan.

SUNDAY ON THE DEAUVILLE SANDS: Peeping out from behind our smoky glasses between naps, we happened to spy several familiar figures: Jo Milligan, Anne Elrod, Bill Monahan, Willie Rivas, "Hink" Hinkley, Helen and Betty Hirsch, Madge Kessler, Jo Axtell, Officer Candidate Gerry "Mother" Murphy and Claire, John Vodicka, Estelle Woodward, and Lt. Leslie Miller.

LINE CHAT

Kinda lonesome around here with everybody vacationing and being transferred; guess we can keep 'em flying though!

Congratulations to our former T/Sgt. Blackwell, he is now the proud papa of an eight-and-one-half pound girl.

What is the attraction at Lake City for Cpl. Lambeth? Don't you like these American girls?

Have you noticed that lonesome look in Miss "Peaches" Prevette's eyes—could it be that she misses Lt. Lilliard?

M/Sgt. Sharpe is now back at work



Here's Dorrr Field as viewed from the Flight Tower; in the center is our Canteen and in the distance we find the Administration Building, all topped by the STARS AND STRIPES.

again, recuperating from a 15-day leave.

Why is Frances Parker so interested in parachutes all of a sudden?

And is Dottie Dekle sitting home nights singing "Do I Worry" and thinking of Lt. Mc., or is she? And did you notice the wings she wears?

What is the attraction in Lt. Revere's room—could it be that certain light saying "EXIT"?

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

This week is "FIRE PREVENTION WEEK"—should be "EVERY WEEK IS FIRE PREVENTION WEEK." The famed all-left handed Sergeant-major's office team was broken up at last when Sgt. Sterling and Pvt. Johnnie Bell were transferred to the flexible gunnery school at Ft. Myers this past week—these Guys eat that way too, and how.

Our General Manager, Mr. Mougey, on his vacation—Mr. Norman of Army Operations on his vacation—Mrs. Hocker taking Mr. Hocker's vacation for him, that's a good system.

We heard one of Mr. "Curly" Brinton's stories the other day, the one about the "Technical Phrases." You MEN get him to tell it to you sometime!



This is the Tower; The first floor is ruled (?????) by Mr. Gerald (what IS his middle name) Taylor who is the Chief Dispatcher (as if everyone doesn't know that!!). Mr. Mougey, General Manager, and Miss Campbell, Secretary, have their offices on the second floor; then on to the third floor where we find Mrs. Betty Dixon and Mrs. Annie Laurie Clark—Timekeepers during the day; of course at night we HEAR that Mr. Black, Mrs. Whidden, and Mr. Wynn take possession of the third floor with their duties as night Timekeepers.

Getting married this past week, Instructor Vincent Rielly and Miss Marie Sullivan of Bayside, Long Island, on Saturday, the 10th of Oct.—also Corporal Carl Adamson of the Medical Detachment and Miss Ioana Cross of Arcadia. Best of good luck to you all.

Have you seen the \$2000.00 automobile that Tom Davis of Carlstrom Field is driving? Anyway the tires are worth \$1999.49. Used to be Jack Hunt's old Lulu Belle. We hear the guards at Carlstrom call it the "Green Dragon."

Those sure are good hot cakes Mrs. Hampton and Mrs. Kittrell beat up in the Canteen. There ain't but one thing we like better than a stack three deep, and that's a stack four deep. (Mrs. Hampton, please note.)

Two visitors this week from class 42-C, Lts. VanSchaick and D. E. Vail from Page Field, Ft. Myers. Their exclamations of praise were loud and long.

CADET NEWS

by A/C G. W. Reese and
A/C H. E. Morrison

Among the Cadets from Dorrr Field who patronized the Cabanas and Clubs at Sarasota this week-end were Sol Kline, Robert W. Bisecker, Alphonse Mauro, Everett Langworthy, Jack Leonard, Bert Close, and D. D. Desmond. The boys were particularly enthusiastic about the Sarasota Lido, reporting it the equal of any beach club that they knew.

"Who Dude It?"

Question on the lips of all of Flight Three last week centered around the problem of "The Turtle in the Pool." From a hasty inspection it seemed that a turtle of unknown species, about a foot in diameter, had been placed in the swimming pool. Happy though he was, the turtle's tenancy was short-lived, since the authorities speedily evacuated him.

And the person responsible for the turtle's being in the pool? Well, we aren't naming any names, but we know where to get plenty of copies of his picture for "wanted" posters.

Jack Leonard and "Sasche" Kline were exuberant over securing pictures of themselves lolling at the Lido with obliging Miss Margaret Reinhold, holder of several National Diving Titles, who is now in charge of swimming activities at the club.

Epics of the Week-end

Seen in Arcadia: Mr. Huggins, at 9:00 p.m. nervously shaking his watch and scanning the eastern sky for lightning flashes—Cadets riding horseback—Cadets meeting wives at the Bus Station—and being envied (loudly) by their bachelor fellows—Solon Levy trying to figure out a chess problem at the USO (now that was really a sight)—crowds of Cadets walking up and down the streets in groups of three and four—with nothing in particular to do and no particular place to do it.

The last bus back from Sarasota broke down right in the middle of nowhere with a blowout.



Here is a sample of the kind of girls at Dorrr Field. Don't shove, boys. This is Miss Ruth Campbell, Mr. Mougey's secretary; she is small and blonde, and in case you don't know where to locate her try the second floor of the Tower.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

James Glover, Writer

Alva Nelle Taylor, A/C Tom Collins, A/C B. R. Fern, Associate Editors
Ken Stiverson, Cartoonist Frank Haynes, Photographer

by Jimmy Glover

Dear Guys and Gals:

Well, here's another news 'spasm' from dear 'ole Embry-Riddle Field giving you the what's new on the goings on or something. Our special mention this week goes to the Ground School Department and its head and personnel.

Florida "Cracker"

One person with whom we come in contact in many capacities every day is Larry I. Walden, Jr., Director of Ground School. "Larry" is a native of Florida, having

Aviation became his career on April 21, 1941, when he became connected with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia.

He held the position of Meteorology Instructor there until his transfer as the Ground School Director for the Riddle-McKay Co. of Tennessee, not only directing but taking an active part in class room work in all subjects.

Corner Cutter

All those connected with Larry find him to be one of the most enjoyable and effi-



Larry I. Walden, Jr., Ground School Director

been born and reared on a farm near Plant City. We might have seen our friend, at an early age, trudging down the Plant City streets, in his true Florida style, on his way to his first day in school with his little red tablet in one hand and an orange for the teacher in the other, not knowing that he, too, would, in later years, be on the receiving end of the orange line.

After graduating from the Plant City High School in 1936, Larry enrolled in the Florida Southern College at Lakeland, from which he received a two-years teaching certificate. From the same college he later received a B. S. degree, graduating in 1940. While attending college in 1938, Larry taught Math and Science in Junior High School for three years in the schools of Hillsboro County in Florida.

Chose Aviation as Career

Our friend began flying as a pastime by soloing a "Cub" Trainer, May 13, 1940. Since then, he has logged many hours in various types and makes of aircraft.

cient personalities they have known. We feel it a definite privilege to be associated with him in our work here at Embry-Riddle Field.

Larry has, with the assistance of his instructors, and his wonderful talent of 'promotion,' set up one of the smoothest working organizations in the company, taking a School Building blue print and cutting corners to have set up the most ideal physical plant to be found anywhere with no exceptions.

Convertible

The School building boasts the fact that three class-rooms can be converted in an instant, by means of folding doors, into one big Field Auditorium. Our visual education department is tops with a full amount of the latest and best equipment.

A very comfortable heating system has been installed with thermostatic control, keeping the building at an even temperature at all times, adding to the already enjoyed luxuries of running hot water and an



Jimmy Glover, Navigation Instructor

ice water fountain. We invite all other Ground School Personnel at the other Fields to drop in and visit us at any time.

The latest additions in equipment to the Ground School have been a weather shed, bell system, and an anemometer.

On To Basic

Another class of Cadets, Class 43-B, has completed its Primary Training here at Embry-Riddle Field and has departed to continue its training at Basic. We appreciate the spirit of this graduating class for its determination not to be the first class of Cadets from Embry-Riddle Field to have a wash-out in Basic.

This determination has been felt all the way through the Primary period as the remaining Cadets saw their class decreasing in number. We feel that its growth has been contributed to by this as well as the fact that the preceding class as yet has not suffered an eliminatee in Basic and all have successfully passed their 40-hour-checks.

We're behind you, 43-B, and look forward to the day when you make Aviation history. Embry-Riddle will be proud of you.

The last activity, in the way of entertainment, enjoyed by the class was a banquet prepared by Mr. Baker and Chef Taylor, featuring all kinds of delicacies and



Joe D. McClure, Meteorology Instructor

finished off with a large, delicious cake made in the Field's kitchen by Chef Taylor himself.

In closing this tribute to the class, we take this opportunity to thank Cadets Collins and Fern for their splendid cooperation in giving us some Chatter from their classmates for publication in this Paper nearly every week while they were here.

On the Trail of News

By visiting Post Supply and seeing our beautiful friend, Alva Nelle Taylor, we were able to pick up a few items of interest in the way of general news notes. Then we saw Ken Stiverson and picked up a few more.



E. L. Clark, Theory of Flight Instructor

We are eagerly looking forward to the anticipated female help in the Department of Buildings and Grounds. Mr. Frank Haynes, head of this Dept., is really a busy man and certainly needs all the help he can get. Several of the members of the Personnel enjoyed the recent boat dance at Hickman, Ky. Work is progressing rapidly on the new asphalt covering for the runway and taxi ramp.

The black top is being put over soil cement which has been used up until now. The restricted area is taking on a new appearance now since a fence has been placed around it and grass has been sown. Should be a pretty sight, soon. And Lynelle Rabun, one of the Flight Instructors, has taken the



Chef Bert Taylor just before 43-A Graduating Banquet.



T. C. Cottrell, Aircraft Engines Instructor

fatal step. Fooled a girl from Fulton, Ky. We have all been interested in the new books we received from the Army and Navy Publishing Company. These pretty blue books are made up of activities of the Southeast and especially of this Field, its Army and Civilian personnel. Speaking of Personnel, the latest noted addition to the Company was made in the Purchasing Department, Mrs. Nelle Jackson Walker. And is it true that Connie Young is leaving? If it is, come back soon, Connie!

Paper Route

We were very glad to have Johnny Cockrell drop in in something big for a brief visit. Johnny has traded his paper route on the Islands off the Coast of Florida for an AT-6. This paper route was the berries, too, with house to house delivery from Cubs and Taylorcrafts. Johnny's a big boy now and flying a sweet ship.



Maurene McCord, Mary Lillian Harpole, Connie Young, Betty Lightholder. (L. to R.)

A WORD TO THE WISE

An investment in knowledge always pays the best dividends.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

Put all you've got into your job and then some. It's the "and then some" that gets you your raise.

Like a postage stamp, a man's value depends upon his ability to stick to one thing till he gets there.

No rules for achieving success will work if you won't.

You can't push yourself ahead by patting yourself on the back.

Learn to work with others; remember, every time the banana leaves the bunch it gets skinned.

If you continually carry a chip on your shoulder, it's just a question of time until someone will up and knock your block off.

If you never use your head you might as well have feet on both ends.

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

★ ★ ★ ★

Feature Picture

"RAIN"

with Joan Crawford
and Walter Houston

Monday, October 19th

RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, October 20th

DORR FIELD

Wednesday, October 21st

CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, October 22nd

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

★ ★ ★ ★

Feature Picture

"SWING IT, SAILOR"

with Wallace Ford
and Ray Mayer

Thursday, October 22nd

RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, October 23rd

DORR FIELD

Monday, October 26th

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 4

rules while on the job, in order to keep that job going—only to lose several days' of that important work through some simple home accident that could have been just as easily avoided had the same rules of the job been applied to the home.

Seventh Column

Why are we naturally prone to relax the vigilance we maintain on the job the minute we step into the home? Is it because we feel that home is a friendly institution and won't hurt us? Home is friendly, but where safety is concerned we shouldn't let sentimentality interfere; the heart-warming sight of toys on the floor can also be a head-bruising memory.

Carelessness in personal health or in the preparation of food can also hurt our war effort. A leading magazine calls this stuff the *seventh column*; let's treat it as we would the fifth column.

Tennis Champions Aid War Effort

Lloyd Budge has joined his brother, Don, world's professional tennis champion and director of physical education of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, to promote war work efficiency of the company's civilian employees and students through greater physical fitness.

Lloyd will be assistant director of the school's extensive physical training program. In addition to conditioning the civilians, the red-headed Budges will assist army physical education directors with a tennis program at the Technical school and at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields, Arcadia, where U. S. army flight cadets are being trained. Athletics at Riddle Field, Clewiston, where RAF cadets are stationed, also will be supervised by them.

Tennis Aids War Effort

Tennis instruction at all the Embry-Riddle divisions will come under Don's particular jurisdiction. He believes that tennis can be of especial aid to the war effort in the training of fliers and mechanics because "it quickens the reflexes as well as sharpens physical condition."

The diversified athletic program, including softball, bowling, basketball and other competitive sports, will be handled by Lloyd, who plans to organize inter-department teams for fall and winter schedules.

Pro at Exclusive Clubs

Lloyd, who started Don on his tennis career in their home state of California, was instructor at the exclusive Bath Club, Miami Beach, for the last two winter seasons, and was tennis pro at the Miami Biltmore during the seasons from 1933 through 1940. He was at the Skokie Country Club, Glencoe, Ill., this past summer.

When the University of California won the Pacific Coast Conference championship in 1933, Lloyd was No. 1 player on the tennis team. After graduating that year, he became associated with Wilson Sporting Goods, in San Francisco, and was in charge of sports promotion from 1933 to 1937. He spent a year at the main offices of the Wilson company in Chicago before coming to Miami. He is 33 and married.

and Westmilland; and seventh to Cadets Smythe and Pendrous.

October 8th at Dorr Field, Flight 43C turned out en masse, boasting a morning Clinic attendance of 78 and an afternoon attendance of 62.

The results of two exhibitions for Lt. McCormick at Carlstrom were:

Morning matches:

Don—6 Lloyd—4
Don & Lyman—6 Auten & Lloyd—4

Afternoon matches:

Don—6 Lloyd—4
Don & Koleron—7 Wilhelm & Lloyd—4

Cadet Herbert Ostroff, who won the trophy for the tennis championship of the school and also the award for physical fitness, presented his trophy to the school to be used as a memorial to "Dusty" Rhodes, runner-up for physical fitness, who was killed a few days before in an automobile accident with Cadets Parker and Morris.

MINNIE BUYS BONDS

The Tech School was represented over the air on October 7th when Minnie Virden Cassell spoke over Station WQAM.

Minnie is an outstanding example of how Americans are aiding the war effort on the war front.

She told her radio audience that she is giving 25 percent above the 10 percent asked of all workers for the purchase of war bonds.

On her salary as a switchboard operator she is also buying \$1 stamps and has already saved \$51 towards a \$100 bond.

Aside from Minnie's serving her country by working with a war industry, her husband is a sergeant in the Army and is stationed at Embry-Riddle.

Minnie comes from Griffin, Ga., and Fred is a Texan from Houston, and they have only been married for about six weeks. Free from their duties at Embry-Riddle they find dancing and bowling their favorite pastimes.

BUDGE BROTHERS DISCUSS SPORTS PROGRAM



Don Budge (left), world's No. 1 tennis player and physical education director at Embry-Riddle, discusses plans for an augmented athletic program for civilian and army students and employees with his brother, Lloyd, well known sports instructor, who has been appointed assistant physical training director of the school.

TENNIS RACKET

Don Budge and Lloyd Budge, Director of Athletics and Assistant, saw to it that Round Robin doubles were the order of the day on October 7th at Riddle Field, when 35 representatives of Blue Flight

and Yellow Flight vied for tennis honors.

The "Aces" of the court, Cadets Putrett and Temple, defeated Cadets Kelly and Kennedy in the playoff. Third place went to Cadets Shendan and Perrere; fourth to Cadets Easy and Smythe; fifth to Cadets Dixon and Chopping; sixth to Cadets Weir

COME SATURDAY

Hang on to your pennies, people, 'cause from now on it'll cost you a little larger copper piece to weekend at the Deauville.

The new rates are: Double room, \$4.00; Single room, \$3.00; R.A.F. boys (3 in a room), \$1.50 per person. If you stay three days or longer, you'll receive a ten percent discount.

More pleasant than money matters will be the matter of food "come Saturday." We smell lamb chops cookin', and we hear that they'll be rare, well done, or 'most any way you like 'em.

Wing Chatter

by Catherine W. Kerr

Business is booming in the McShane Building, formerly known as the Pro-Tect-U Awning Building. Pro-Tect-U only covered windows and doors; McShane covers complete shapes from the motor to the rudder, which means from stem to stern.

The air conditioning units are rapidly being installed, and before you know it the Finishing, Covering, and Doping rooms will be complete. Then watch Mac.

ROY SIKES says his Dopy Dopers are a fine lot for the shape they're in, no fault of Roys, and you should hear him boast of his Imported Model which resembles a Model T. You must remember Model T's—you just couldn't break them down.

If Roy really has this sturdy model in his stock, he'd better not complain about getting the work out on time, as it would take more than Dope to knock them out.

And Pretty, Too

Wing Covering Dept. Head Jack Holt is rather complaining these days about the Pee Wee sized gals hired to work in his department. Now he is asking for girls according to the following specifications: 5 feet 10 inches tall, 130 pounds in weight, a 2-inch bicep's expansion, and a reach of 1½ times the Wing Chord.

We might ask the Personnel Department if Holt is asking too much. It seems he is rather fussy when he says, "Pretty, too."

Does any one remember Jackson G. Flowers, five foot two, eyes of blue? He is not so blue these days, and the reason is he has a new flame. Flowers suggested she part her hair in the middle, and imagine, girls, she OBEYED. Only hope that in the future Jack will be able to take orders as well as he likes to give them.

WHITECAPS

by Win Wood, Guest Columnist

I'm back again, this time a 'moanin' and a 'groanin' 'cause two of my favorite people have "flown the coop."

The call of Alabama and the prospect of joining the WAAFS caused Nancy Batson to pull out Sunday. She kept the base in an uproar days beforehand, what with heated bargaining with Wayne Tucker about her car, selling her plane to Lois Cutler, making huge bets on the Tennessee-Alabama game with Billy Waters, and topping all by getting her 330 horsepower rating on Saturday.

We just got through bidding Nancy adieu when we had to turn right around and say goodbye to our boss. Uh, Huh! Ad Thompson left us and wandered over to Pan, Am., darn it, and I didn't even get to say goodbye. Ruth Norton locked me out of his office Sunday afternoon so they could get some work done. If that isn't hard-hearted femininity for you!



ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

The Engine Overhaul Department has really enjoyed these cool mornings we've been having lately, if for no other reason than the discovery that our Mr. Grafflin has a coat.

However, we've all been a little puzzled about Jack Hale's new tie. Those "in the know" could tell you that it was all a conspiracy, strictly a conspiracy, and not his idea at all. Jack, by the way, has a very responsible position, that of Chief Inspector of Engine Overhaul, and he is very well fitted for it.

Barracuda and Sunburn

While out news-hunting, we heard that Trixie Woods is out of the doghouse now. Wonder if those tall, dashing officers were the cause of the trouble?

Billie Todd is always doing something interesting. Sunday she went deep-sea fishing and caught, of all useless things, a 3½ lb. barracuda. The Coast Guard almost caught Billie, too.

Maude Dodge went deep-sea fishing on

Sunday also, but didn't catch anything except a bad sunburn. Maude is the capable little secretary to our Chief Inspector.

The new lunch hour, from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m., seems to satisfy everyone. It is pleasant to miss the noon rush in the Canteen.

Cast Off Cast

"Step-and-a-half" Brady, foreman of the Sandblast Department, suffered a fractured ankle not long ago, but we are happy to report that it is almost well now. He expects to have the cast off by the end of this week.

We have had as our guest for two days Laurence P. Reed, representative from the Continental Motors Corporation. We have enjoyed having Mr. Reed.

The Inspection Department has been improved with the addition of new fluorescent lights over the work benches. These lights contribute much to improve the speed and efficiency of the department.

Warning to all Engine Overhaul employees: If you don't give me some help with news items, you'll be sorry!

day morning. Up till the present writing, no reports have been forthcoming.

To add to all the excitement, Ed Skirm and Buddy Shelton passed their private flight tests Saturday, and W. H. Bullock got his water rating.

Lois Cutler returned from her vacation in Pennsylvania and is settling down to learn some navigation. We haven't seen Herm Cutler in some time as he's busy being an Officer Candidate on the Beach.

Loud cries are coming from the boss's office, "Where's that column? It's time it went over." So over it goes. Toodle-oo.

FATHER AND SON



ARCADIA—Both Frank A. Llewellyn and his son, of 200 W. Lincoln Avenue, are in service of their country. Mr. Llewellyn, left, is employed by the Army in training cadets in their primary flying. He is stationed at Dorr Field. His son, Aviation Cadet Llewellyn, Jr., is now in Advanced Training at Stockton, California.

THE DRAFT BLEW IN

Author unknown

Contributed by Pvt. Bill Monahan

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought—but I had to go anyway. I was called in class "A". The next time I want to be in class "B"—Be here when they go and Be here when they come back.

I remember, when I registered, I went up to a desk and the man in charge was a milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name."—"What's your name?" he barked, so I told him . . . August Childs. He said, "Are you an Alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine."

He asked me where I was born and I said, "Pittsburgh." He said, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him, "23 the first of September." He said, "The first of September you will be in Libya and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp, I guess they didn't think I'd live long—the first fellow I saw wrote on my card—Flying Corps—I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "Wind, nothing, the draft's doing it."

On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you're in it you can fight anybody. They have two sizes, too small and too large. The pants are so tight, I can't sit down; the shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move.

And what a raincoat they gave me! It strained the rain. I passed an officer all

dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

Oh! It was nice . . . five below one morning they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery . . . red flannels, BVD's, all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Gallento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am up Sir. This underwear just makes you think I am sitting down."

He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw the dirt there." I said, "Where am I going to throw it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for Libya. Marching down the pier, I had more luck. I met a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier, and the captain came by and says "Fall in." I said, "I have been in, Sir."

I was on the boat 12 days . . . sea-sick 12 days, nothing going down, and everything coming up. Leaned over the railing all the time . . . in the middle of my best lean, the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself."

He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about dumb people, I said to one of the

fellows, "I guess they dropped the anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it, it's been out ever since we left New York."

Well, we landed in Libya. We were immediately sent to the Desert. After three nights in the Desert, the cannon started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with Patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the officers.

The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." At five we went over the top; 10,000 Germans came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think I was the one who started the war.

Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will,"—but I didn't know any of their names. I yelled above the confusion, "Captain, I'd like to have a word with you." He said, "Well, what is it?" I said, "Captain, I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

LIBRARY NOTES

The following new books have been received at the Tech School library:

Practical electricity, by Terrell Croft, 4th ed.

Aircraft mechanic's pocket manual, by J. A. Ashkouti.

Statesman's Year-book, 1942.

Fundamentals of electricity and magnetism, by L. B. Loeb, 2d ed.

Electricity and magnetism, by V. C. Poor.

Elements of electrical engineering, by A. L. Cook.

Principles of electrical engineering, by W. H. Timbie.

Aerodynamics, by N. A. V. Piercy.

Aeronautics, by E. B. Wilson.

Applied fluid mechanics, by N. P. O'Brien.

Elementary fluid mechanics, by J. K. Vennard.

Elements of practical aerodynamics, by Bradley Jones.

Engineering aerodynamics, by W. S. Diehl.

KITTIES TAKE HEED

The next Kitty Foyle confab will take place Tuesday, October 20th, atop a stack or two of hay.

The North Miami Riding Academy has agreed to rig up a couple of mule teams and wagons for us, and we'll jog along to the end of censored path where there'll be a fire and several litters of hot dogs awaiting us.

So, Kitties, don your most disreputable get-up, pay your October dues, and meet us in front of the Tech School at 5:15 Tuesday.

RENO BONO



This clever sketch came from the pen of Ortiz Garzen, of Montevideo, Uruguay, and is a striking likeness of his friend, Reno Bono, Latin American Trainee at the Tech School, whose home is in Argentina.

THE HOUSING PROJECT

by Jack Hobler

The Housing Project

In last week's FLY PAPER there appeared a picture of Mr. Riddle and Mayor Whidden breaking ground for the new housing project beginning now in Arcadia. That there has been a need for more living quarters here has been known for a long time; but things were let slide time and time again until somebody finally settled down to get things done.

Mr. Clyde Pendley was loaned to Embry-Riddle by the Kansas City Title Insurance Agency of Miami as Housing Co-ordinator. Because of his previous experience with F.H.A. housing, he was well-fitted to take over the job.

He had closed Miami's first F.H.A. loan, and was responsible for some ten million dollars worth of the same loans before housing was stopped to provide the materials for more vital war needs. Consequently, he knew his stuff and he had

quite a man-sized job to try it out on.

The finished project will consist of seventy-five houses, twenty-nine of which are already under construction. The average house will feature two bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen and bath. Some will have closed-in porches and garages, and most will be equipped with necessary kitchen furniture, i.e. refrigerator, water heater, etc.

The houses are wood-frame structures covered with asbestos shingle siding, are insulated from heat and cold, and have composition roofs. They are built on comparatively high ground and will rent at reasonable rates, with an option to buy if the buyer is qualified under F.H.A. regulations.

Anyone at Carlstrom or Dorr Fields interested in these new houses can get full details and information from Clyde Pendley by dropping him a line at his office in the Carlstrom Administration Building.

VENEZUELAN THANKS FOR FUN

by "Joe"

We wish to thank Frances (the perfect hostess) and Bill Kirkland for the wonderful times they have given us boys on the fifth floor.

The few months in which it has been our pleasure to know them they have been real friends and pals to one and all. We have enjoyed all the parties and dances especially the "get together dance" at the Moose Temple Saturday night.

In the fifth floor

—*Fue formidable!!*

—*Estuvo muy bueno!!*

In the Cafeteria

—*It was wonderful!!*

—*We had a big time last night!!*

On Sunday morning everybody on the fifth floor and in the Cafeteria was talking about the "get together dance." It was a big dance and all the boys and girls who attended were happy and had a wonderful time.

We left the school at 7:30 p.m. and met at Frances' trailer while our driver, Bill, was picking up the girls from their homes. We were at the Moose about 8:30 and from then on "Boy, oh Boy."

The music was very good and we danced as long as they would let us—"one p.m." The boys have learned to dance to American music while they have also gladly (I bet) taught the girls to rumba and conga.

Among those who attended our party were Frances "Hostess" and Bill "Pop" Kirkland, Mary McGriff, Sam Bodden, Mary "Honey" Dahms, Ladislao "Smiles" Guerrero, Ada Styles, Fernando Naranjo, Maggie Ree "Droopie" Kirkland, William "Bad Boy" Colominas, Eve "Toots" Strick-



land, Tino Sequeiro, Hattie "Candy," and Ray Keye, Louise Rowell, Harold Davis, Helen Stover, Ed Flinn, Mary Stalvy, Sarah and Roy "Stinkie" Zion, O. Palma, J. De Armas, Ramon Prado, F. Zerres, H. Olmos, and many others whose names I do not know yet.

I hear Frances is planning a Halloween party, "costume and all." Here's hoping she thinks us worthy of all her trouble and the ball keeps rolling for that Halloween party. Thanks again from your Latin-American friends, especially me.

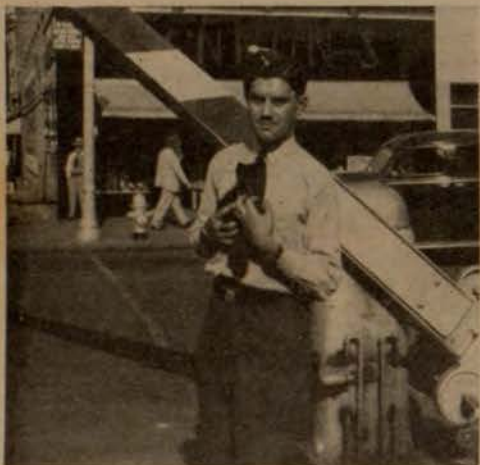
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, J. L. Kerr, Derrick Button, Associate Editors

Cadet Chatter

This Timoshenko, Green Flight's mascot kitten, has turned out to be the pet of all Riddle Field. Tim really puts on quite a show playing about the Canteen, especially when he gets after a ping-pong ball. Below is pictured Tim with one of his keepers, LAC Baker.



We have just been informed that Freddie Ball, Red Flight, was the first service man to catch a sailfish off Miami! On his last leave, Freddie, along with Bob Gray, also Red Flight, and their host, Mr. Eldredge of Miami, went out deep-sea fishing. It was on this trip that Freddie made the kill. His sailfish measured 7 feet 3 inches, and weighed 170 pounds.

He was immediately made an honorary member of the Miami Sailfish Club and was given a certificate verifying the catch, and then was informed that he was the first service man to catch a sailfish off Miami. Nice going, Freddie.

We are adding Mr. Derrick Button, Yellow Flight, to our staff of Associate Editors this week. Derrick has done some very fine photography for us, and will show you some more of his fine work in a "little extra" we are hoping to have out next week.

After defeating Red Flight in Soccer, quite a few members of Blue Flight enjoyed several sodas at the expense of Ye Ed. You know that old saying boys—"there's a sucker born every minute."

Track Meet

Everything is all set for Riddle Field's third Track and Field Meet, which will be held this coming Wednesday, October 21, beginning at 2:30 p.m. Friends of employees and Cadets are invited to attend this event, if they so desire.

Events on the program will include 220-Yard Dash, Cricket Ball Throw, 100-Yard Dash, One-Mile Run, Long Jump, Relay Race, High Jump, 440-Yard Dash, and Tug-of-War. A Sack Race, Three-Legged Race and Obstacle Race will add to the entertainment of the afternoon.

Each Flight will have a representative team, competing against the other Flights, and the officials for the Meet will be the various officers and executives at the Field. A complete summary of the results will be published in a future issue of the FLY PAPER.

Sympathies

The sympathies of all here at Riddle Field go to Miss Gervis Hathcock, Canteen Waitress, on the death of her brother, Woodrow, who died at Harlington Field, Texas, recently.

Miss Mathcock has asked us to thank, for her, the "Riddle Field Friends" who sent a wreath.

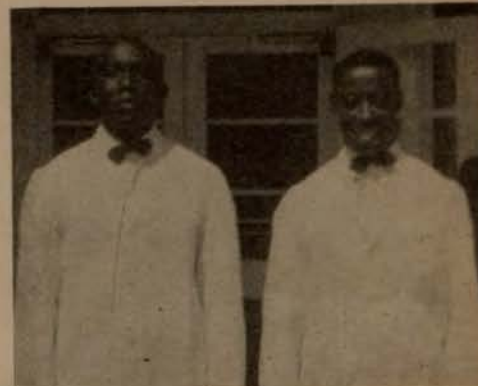
Soccer Champions

BLUE FLIGHT has the Championship Soccer team at Riddle Field! Yes sir, the boys of that Flight came from behind to score two goals in the second half, and defeat Yellow Flight 2 to 1 in the final game last Thursday.

Blue Flight had won a hard-fought game from Red Flight by the same score to get to the finals, while Yellow Flight squeezed out a 1 to 0 verdict from Green Flight to enter the finale.

An ALL STAR team will be picked from the various players on these teams, and that All Star team will represent Riddle Field in a game against a team from Miami which will be played here at Clewiston this coming Sunday, October 17. (The game scheduled for last Sunday had to be postponed.)

The member of the Championship Blue Flight Soccer team are: Alec Whittle, Ron Purrett, Rowland Temple (Captain), Roy Crockett, Jimmy Fishwick, Geoffrey King, Jack Woolley, Ken White, Alf Kay, Roland Tait and Bill Kerr.



James and Duke

Changes at Administration Building

Practically the entire headquarters' office force donned its best "bib and tucker" and hied to the Clewiston Inn for dinner on Tuesday evening, October 6th. The occasion of this gala affair was "Fletch" Gardner's recent promotion to Field Auditor.

Those present, in addition to the guest of honor and his wife, were: Mr. and Mrs. Tyson; Mr. and Mrs. Durden; Mr. and Mrs. Lawson; Mr. and Mrs. Bob Reese; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Crow; Mr. and Mrs. Art Brown; Betty Bailey; Mrs. Inez Cameron; and Mrs. Walter F. Purdon.

In appreciation of Mr. Gardner's services in the capacity of Office Manager and Accountant, the office employees presented him with an over-night bag.

We understand that those who have worked with "Fletch" sincerely regret that he is leaving, but at the same time congratulate him on this advancement and hope he will continue to make Riddle Field his headquarters.

We hope that a suggestion regarding more social activities for the office employees will lead to something permanent. Any ideas submitted will be appreciated.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—



"I don't care if your Instructor did give you all 'B's'—you're not good enough for here!"

Get Well Quick

Green Flight's Richard Patterson is getting around again and will soon resume normal duties. We are thinking of sending him a pamphlet on "The Rewards of Forgetfulness." Seriously, though, Richard, we wish you a speedy recovery.

Distinguished visitors at the Field last week were: Group Capt. Hogan, U/C Kenneth Rampling, former C.O. here, and U/C Ashley Hall and John Paul Riddle.

Personal Prattle

That old love bug has visited Riddle Field again—or maybe we should say is still here.

While on his last leave, Primary Flight Instructor Frank O'Hara and Miss Kathryn Grimly of Boston, Mass., were married. That was back on Sunday, September 20.

The two drove back making a sightseeing trip of it, and are now residing in Clewiston. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara.

Then the following announcement was brought to our attention:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Rash, Blackstone, Va., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Gladys Virginia, to Charles W. Bing, son of Mrs. Julia Bing, Blackstone. The wedding will take place in November. That Charles W. Bing, of course, refers to our own "Conductor" Bing, popular Advanced Flight Instructor. Congratulations, Bingo. And here's a picture of the future Mrs. Bing.



Gladys Virginia Rash

Engineering Chief E. J. Smith caused quite a bit of wondering when he was seen with a parachute on his Motor Scooter. What's the matter, Ernie, isn't it safe?

Paul Badger is a new Link Instructor, and Glenn Davis and Raymond Christian are taking the Link Refresher Course. And speaking of Link, Joe Obermeyer, Link Chief Instructor, has received a letter from Lt. Paul Flannigan, former maintenance man in the Link Department—Paul sends his regards to his friends at Riddle Field.

The backbone of every Flight, and the right-hand man of every Flight Commander is the Flight Dispatcher. Not too much credit can be given these boys for the great part they play in "Keeping them flying." The Advanced and Basic Dispatchers were caught in this shot, while at work in the Tower the other day:



Frank Davis, Advanced Dispatcher, on the left, Ollie Lynch, Basic Dispatcher, on right

Mr. Segers has been made Chief Timekeeper, replacing Jon Pullen, who is starting in the Link Department as a Maintenance man.

Z. A. Nicholson, Bill McNichol and Dick James, the Inventory crew from Miami, are making their usual visit to Army Supply.

H. "Doc" Chiddix has been added to the Ground School staff as a Meteorology Instructor. This is not the first time that "Doc" has been with the Embry-Riddle Company—several years ago he was with E-R when they were operating from Cincinnati.

Miss Leila Brannan, Canteen Department Head, celebrated her birthday last week. Too bad we don't have all the low-down as to age and in what manner the event was celebrated. No doubt it was good though.

Co-Pilot's Club

That is the name of the newest organization connected with Riddle Field. This club is for women whose husbands are members of the Instructor's Club—in brief, the women's auxiliary to the Instructors' Club.

However, organization is not as yet complete, although several of the ladies have met to make plans. They invite every wife of an Instructor Club member to contact either Mrs. W. F. King or Mrs. W. G. Reid for details.

So, come on gals, here's your chance to get in a club that hubby is interested in, too. How's about it?

Mr. Roy Lacey, Blue Flight, gives us a poem for this issue:

AIR RAID

The building rocks, shudders and sways,
Plaster rains down from the ceiling and walls;
Splinters of glass prick deep in my skin.
Blood trickles down from my nose and my ears,
Splashes of red on the littered floor.
The whole world spins as I slip and fall.
Then strong steady arms lift me up on my feet.
Down wrecked craxy stairs into the battered street.
Then a bed in a ward
With hundreds the same.
Who dares now say, "War's just a game"?

Man of The Week

Our Man of the Week—Fred S. Perry—Assistant Flight Commander on Primary—now acting as Flight Commander of Yellow Flight—Born October 6, 1902, at Oxford, Fla.—Started flying career in 1938—soloed then at Sarasota—did some instructing work at Sarasota Airport.

Began Refresher course at Carlstrom Field, first starting with Embry-Riddle, on September 2, 1941—Completed course and was made Instructor here on September 29, 1941.

Is married—has two daughters and a son—makes his home in Clewiston—was rather reluctant to give an interview—gave us instructions to "make it short"—stated that he was "just doing my job to the best of my ability"—that's the Embry-Riddle spirit, Fred—Keep 'em Flying.

Fred S. Perry



ELECTRIC SHOCK

by Laurice Anderson

Wedding bells will ring! An Army wedding too—for Miss Lorene Barnes and Cpl. Edward Williams of the Army Air Corps at Drew Field, Tampa, Fla. on Wednesday evening. Our very best wishes for happiness comes from all Coliseum employees.

We overheard such advice and comments as this, Lorene, "Love is like hash, you have to have faith in it." (but don't take it to heart.)

New Instructors

The following Instructor Trainees "bowed in" as Instructors in the Electrical Dept. at the Coliseum: E. H. Stone, C. V. Gallardi, Edwin A. Hadden, Howard West, Byron Brown, Carl O. Campbell, J. J. Devery, Guy Doshier, H. Krouse.

Mr. Willard Burton reports twelve new Instructor Trainees this week. It's a straight road to a fine goal for the "right" men: Clyde Allen, Harry I. Felton, John H. Goesser, Fred A. Harris, Jr., Harry LeRoy, Ralph S. McCracken, Harrell W. Patton, Chester Pickard, Leon Schwartz, Leonard Shreiner, Victor L. Thust, and Harry Traylor.

It is not only a question of what a man knows, but what he makes of what he knows.

FAREWELL!

On October 17th Class 1-43-A will bid our friends at Embry-Riddle farewell, and leave with them our humble, but most sincere wishes of good luck and long life.

On October 10th the class held its farewell banquet at the Macfadden Deauville. In attendance were members of the teaching staff and the department heads. This correspondent can safely say everyone had a grand time.

Class 1-43-A is proud of the success it achieved under the careful guidance of Corporal Edward F. Lynch. And at this time, on behalf of the class, I would like to extend to him our gratitude for the fairness he has extended to all of us.

In conclusion, may I say that we shall always be deeply grateful to Embry-Riddle for the knowledge we have gained here. We realize that the road ahead is a dark, rough one. But the members of class 1-43-A will always be proud to have Old Glory as their guiding light, and every member of the class has sworn to fight, even unto death, so that she will never fall.

Pvt. George R. Morgan, Class Historian
Class 1-43-A



TECH TALK

by Betty Jo Beller

The second try should surpass the first, everyone says, but I am wondering if I could ever stir up as much gossip as I did in my first column.

If everyone will just take a good look around, he will notice that the men are really thinning out and I don't mean weight, eh, Bowen? It must be this draft that is getting them, 'cause it sure isn't the women, doggonit.

In last week's "No Flies" article, it was stated that someone in Aircraft Overhaul didn't know what the Fly Paper was or something to that effect. As it happens, the pricing section of the Purchasing Department didn't know either, 'cause they were asking the other day why we bought so many fly papers, as "they hadn't noticed the flies being that bad."

Joke of the Week

Mr. Carpenter: "Well, what did you find out about ice cream scoops?"

Mrs. Holland: "Ice cream scoops are frozen." Corney, but kinda cute. (By the way, this is an actual happening.)

Truman Gile and Charlie Ebbets have been in Tampa. What goes on up there. Could it be that they are scouting around for new talent or something like that?

It has been rumored that all the girls at the Deauville this week-end were just green with envy when they saw the gorgeous red coat of Mary Carlisle Blakeley. K. C. Smith was there with his hair all slicked down. Not bad, I'd say.

Leonard Brown says that this tickler business has him all mixed up and messed

up. If you don't know what this "tickler business" is, just ask Mr. Brown, and in the two days that will follow, I am sure he will try his best to explain it to you.

Corinne Phillips has taken a trip to New York to help Jinkie Eastman fly a plane back. Happy landings to you both.

Norman Bennett, in the Purchasing Department, has gone on a week's vacation. Hurry, hurry, back 'cause we all certainly miss you. If you don't believe me, ask Mr. "Just call me Michigander" Lennox, of Engine Overhaul.

When Dottie Wells was asked if there was anything exciting happening to her in her scurrying about town, her answer was "No." She did say that she enjoyed driving all the good-looking men around town. Woo, woo!

Bill Shanahan has been away on his vacation to Marion, Indiana. He's back now and have you noticed the change in the girl's smile? "Keep 'em Smilin'." Bill.

When it comes to cooking, Edna Callahan takes the cake or I guess that I should say she brings the cake. The other morning she brought everyone in the office a piece of her extra special home-made cake. And was it delicious? Just ask the Purchasing Department.

HATS OFF!

In the Aircraft Department of the Technical School there is a little girl who has fifty percent of her salary put into Bonds each pay period.

Her name is Gloria Ruth Meyers —need more be said?

DOTS and DASHES

by Bob Lipkin

It is being proven today throughout this country that Radio has a long future ahead of it. It is commonly known that Radio, in spite of its advancement within the last ten years, is still in its infancy. There are many discoveries yet to be made and also a great deal of perfecting of that which is in present use.

It is an almost certain fact that if it were not for the present war, Television would be commonly used in many American homes. I had the privilege of seeing Television. It is hard to believe, but the picture you see is just as clear as a motion picture.

Axis Uses Television

Television is, at the present time, widely used in the Axis countries. Thousands are entering radio to try in some way to fill the great demand for radio technicians and radio operators, and when the war is over we may expect wide spread use of frequency modulation, which will revolutionize the radio industry.

Victorygrams

The advanced class is very proud to have a Police Officer in its midst. He is none other than Ralph Spring, alias Patrolman Spring, who transferred from the night class.

The other day Mr. Terry was presented with a bouquet of flowers and a bright red apple at the start of the day. I wonder what the occasion was? Could it be that he was hungry?

TRAINEE NEWS

CLASS 1-43-A

by Buck Volk

Being a member of class 1-43-A, which leaves Embry-Riddle tomorrow, I have been given the job of giving all my pals a build-up in the Fly Paper. Let me mention a few of the characters.

First we have genial Bob Sears, recently married in Coral Gables. His ability is to make friends and pals of all of us. Then we see Cy Townsend, nicknamed "Canvas-back," shadow boxing every a.m.

The Mutzy boys, Riley, Murray, McClutchy, Murphy, and Schiman, delight in making noise, especially after "lights out." Sailor Rice, whose voice reminds us of the barker in the side show. Eddie Smiley Obierne, a swell mechanic, Claire Snyder, whose haircuts always remind us of a scared rabbit.

George Morgan's pleasure is arguing with instructors. Reds McGrath, whose Brooklyn accent accounts for no one speaking to him—they can't understand him.

John Regas, nicknamed "Gravel Throat," delights in awakening us with a voice like the rasping of a file. Sid Shero walks around with a deck of cards.

Herb Abrams guarantees to "make book" on anything, even exams. Jack Silberberg likes to repair inspection zippers—that's his racket back home.

George Warner said he had a "heckova" time at Deauville Saturday night. Tany Suger's ambition is to become an officer and have us salute him. Paul Strobel, whose mechanical ability makes these engines play-toys.

Bud McGaughy and Tony Lyons, close friends and swell guys. Then we wonder what it takes to make Harry Sessions smile—I know, but won't tell.

Corporal Eddie Lynch's military bearing keeps us on the beam, and we have all had a real friend in Eddie. It was never a trouble to do us a favor.

Eddie Vandiver's pet peeve—that he won't get a furlough. Sid Schlanther's antics on the dance floor. Lloyd Morgan, Conrad Ditter, Oakley Banks, and Arnie Claugh have snapshots to prove that all the big ones don't get away. Jake Holland tries to impress us with stories of his trotting horses, but rumor has it that he was a milk man back home.

The only time we hear Freddie La Riche and Joe Quinn sound off is at roll call. Henry "Platoon" Paolissi tells us Army life is tougher than huckstering back home. Junior Slater's idea of a good time at a party is to sample all the tea.

Gene Loparto's tennis still isn't good enough to budge Don Budge. Maury Marzola is a runner-up for goldbrick honors. Ottie French wants to be a postmaster general. Freemont Lockwood trying to imitate Artie Shaw on his clarinet.

HOW TO WIN PLUGS AND INFLUENCE MOTORS THE EMBRY-RIDDLE WAY



Hank Dinnigan, a good natural Irishman. John Hellenschmidt and wife doing a rumba at Deauville. Kaglowsky packing wood back of the school. Bennie Makuzewski packing sand.

Tommy Malone drawing a tiger shark on a P40. Bob Babbigan with a load on—his mind. Tommy Lawson tells me he misses Coral Gables and the neighbors. Bob Spencer, just back from the hospital, says he feels swell, but is glad to be back with the gang.

Doug Morse left Monday for the Beach to await his call for instruction as Aviation Cadet. Lou Pritchard and Ollie Matson, swell mechanics. Jimmie Alexander, Conrad Alberts, Ernie De Loram, Vince De Palma, Bill Martin, Ernie Marine, Johnny La Vigne, Dean Hamilton, Jimmie Koska, Theodore Rolliay, Joe Michael, John McNichole, Bill Moore, Larry Pelletier, Dominic Paradiso, Felix Plocharczyh, Joe Mello, Adolph Mattson, and all the other swell guys in the class tell me they are

really anxious to get on the line.

We really are going to miss all our friends at Embry-Riddle, but we have a job to do, and class 1-43-A is ready to do it to a man.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

Fellow Mechanics:

Due to a change in plans we have lost our piano player and need a good one to maintain our band and our mess "jive" sessions.

If you can play or know anyone who can, don't be bashful. Get in touch with: Pvt. D. Gootrad, Class 5-43-A-1.

We hope you enjoy our musical chow sessions, so get on the beam and give us a piano player.

Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook

The landbase, having become somewhat civilized and finding fewer and fewer things to wail about, is graduating from the lamentable stage to the Chattering stage. This column thus becomes the successor to Landbase Laments.

May it rest in its ever-lamentable condition undisturbed amongst the unsung columns of past and future years, as a memorial to all columns and columnists that have, thru their feeble efforts, fully qualified for an undying tribute to The Hall of Pain.

Speaking of columning, I've cornered many a stray Flight Instructor and in a pleading voice brought forth in detail the honor and merit of writing a column, and, in the same breath, explained how only the ambitious get ahead; but no soap. They all wanta know if they can't give a pint of blood instead.

"Gawja" Boys

Last Monday saw our new Cross Country class get under way with three assignments arriving with bells on, and from Atlanta, Gawja, girls! These southern gentlemen are Julian Bennett, "Nit," Phil Bailey, "Kid," and Preston Wiggins, "Army," no less. Evidently these "three musketeers" have been thru thick and thin, as I see they've weathered Elementary

and Secondary C. P. T. together, and are still going strong.

We're mighty glad to see a small representation of our July Session C. P. T. Secondary class in the Cross Country lineup; namely Steve Adams and Dick Glendon, also Bill Golden of Spring Session Secondary. Cross Country instructors are Jimmy Gilmore, Jungle Jim Pollard, Tom Moxley, and Gerald Cook.

Congratulations

Congratulations from the whole field are in order to Gerry Cook and his bride, who were married last Saturday in Orlando. Also to Tiny Davis, Instructor, who just became a proud papa. Daughter and Dad are doing fine altho the latter may have had a relapse since this writing.

Lawrence DeMarco, the spaghetti dinner king, is now Seaplane Basing with those nice people down on the point. We hope he gets a little lonesome so he'll come down to visit us soon.

Modern Mode

Running close competition and in lieu of any glider trainers, are our recently acquired super-velocipedes. These modes of transportation do not require 8 hours of dual instruction but a satisfactory check-out is essential.

Seriously tho, these bikes are due for some wear and tear as June Page, our cute

lil' runner, having fully recuperated from her illness, is back and rarin' to go. Keep 'em rolling, June.

With all these vehicles and things down here, I don't see why we can't start our own commando squadron. Johnny Foo says we can't tho 'cause we don't have any sling shots or rubber guns. Ho Hum. Anyhoo, they'll be good in case of invasion.

Rumors and Rumors

Wasn't that a diamond ring Tom gave Gloria not so long ago. I hear rumors that June's the month, but can't get a confirmation on the day.

Speaking of rumors, I am told that Shelia has been caught talking gibberish with Helen Cavis' pet daschund. Could it be about pretzels and soap suds? Listen in next week and we will bring you the latest thrilling events in this episode.

GIRLS, TAKE NOTICE

There is a young man, but we dare not mention his name and even hesitate to name the Field, who sent the following note to the Payroll Department attached to his request for Bond Deduction:

"Beneficiary and address to be given as soon as party decides whom he will marry and when he picks a home!" He might be a little shy—and who are we to give him away?

SEC. 562, F. L. & R.



AVIATION

GOING UP?

Can you think of a field that offers as much opportunity for steady, rapid advancement as Aviation? The demand for trained men is tremendous—and it's growing every day. In every branch of Aviation there are far above average jobs waiting for qualified men.

Do you want to build 'em? Fly 'em? Keep 'em flying? Do you want to become an instructor? No matter which, Embry-Riddle, with 41 different courses, can give you the training you need. Why not get all the facts now and plan to enroll soon? The sooner you start, the sooner you'll be on your way up. And the sky's the limit.



3240 N. W. 27th Avenue

Miami, Florida

Phone 3-0711



Miss Caroline Hendry
Arcadia, Fla.